

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me,

To write some lines to one she loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here she comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet: Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ey'n: heere's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter

Vnto the secret, names friend of yours:

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship. *(done.)*

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much paines?

Val. No (Madam) so it feed you, I will write

(Please you command) a thousand times as much:

And yet —

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your Ladiship?

Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request;

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so: if not: why so?

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit Sil.*

Speed. Oh left vnscene: inscrutable: inuisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:

My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor:

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokef-man from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceine the iest?

Val. No, beleue me.

Speed. No beleueing you indeed sir:

But did you perceine her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,

Or fearing els some messēger, y might her mind discouer

Her self hath taught her Loue himselfe, to write vnto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. *(lower.)*

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue

can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my

viſuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like

your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prothemus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Julia:

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Jul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

Jul. And scale the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (Julia) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:

My father staies my coming: answer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Julia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir Prothemus: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lamace, Panthion.

Lamace. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done

weeping: all the kinde of the Lamaces; haue this very

faule: I haue receiud my proportion, like the prodigious

sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir Prothemus to the Imperialls

Court: I thinke Crab my dog, be the sowrest natured

dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father

wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our

Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great

perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde

one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no

more pitty in him then a dogge: a few would haue wept

to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing

no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting:

nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooc is my fa-

ther: no, this left shooc is my father; tio, no, this left

shooc is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther:

yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the worfer sole: this shooc

with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:

a vengeance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my si-

ster: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as

small as a wand: this hat is *Naw* our maid: I am the

dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge:

oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now

come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now

should not the shooc speake a word for weeping:

now should I kisse my Father: well, hee weepes on:

Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake

now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why

there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe:

Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:

now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor

speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my

teares.

Panth. Lamace, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is

ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the

matter? why weepest thou man? away asle, you'll loofe

the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Lam. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the

vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

Lam. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog.

Panth. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loofe the flood, and

in loofing the flood, loofe thy voyage, and in loofing thy

voyage, loofe thy Master, and in loofing thy Master,

loofe thy seruice, and in loofing thy seruice: — why

dost thou stop my mouth?

Lam. For feare thou shouldst loofe thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loofe my tongue?

Lam. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tale.

Lam. Loofe the Tide, and the voyage; and the Ma-

ster, and the seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer

were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde

were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man: I was sent to call

thee. *Exeunt.*

Lam. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Panth. Wilt thou goe?

Lam. Well, I will goe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Prothemus.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Mistres.

Spec. Master, Sir Thurio

Val. I Boy, it's for loue

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse

Spec. Twere good you

Sil. Seruant, you are

Val. Indeed, Madam, I

Thur. Seeme you that you

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thur. So doe Counterfe

Val. So doe you.

Thur. What seeme I tha

Val. Wife.

Thur. What instance of

Val. Your folly.

Thur. And how quoad you

Val. I quoad it in your

Thur. My Ierkin is a dou

Val. Well then, Ile dou

Thur. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Th

Val. Giue him leaue, Ma

Thur. That hath more n

then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue said Sir.

Thur. I Sir, and done too

Val. I know it wel fir, y

Sil. A fine volly of words

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam

Sil. Who is that Seruan

Val. Your selfe (sweet I

Sir Thurio borrows his wit

And spends what he borro

Thur. Sir, if you spend w

make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well fir

And I thinke, no other trea

For it appeares by their bar

That they liue by your bar

Sil. No more, gentlemen

Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter Sil

Sir Valentine, your father is

What say you to a Letter f

Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be

To any happy messenger fir

Duk. Know ye Don Ant

Val. I, my good Lord, I

To be of worth, and worth

And not without desert for

Duk. Hath he not a son

Val. I, my good Lord, a

The honor, and regard of s

Duk. You know him we

Val. I know him as my

We haue conuert, and spee

And though my selfe haue

Omitting the sweet benefi

To cloath mine age with A

Yet hath Sir Prothemus (for

Made vie, and faire aduan

His yeares but yong, but hi

His head vn-mellowed, but

And in a word (for far behi

Comes all the praifes that